Hellen *to* Paris.

NO ſooner came mine eye unto the ſight,
Of thy rude Lines, but I muſt needes re-wright.
Dar'ſt thou (Oh ſhameleſſe) in ſuch hainous wiſe,
The Lawes of Hoſpitality deſpiſe?
And being a ſtranger, from thy Countries reach,
Solicite a chaſt wife to wedlockes breach?
Was it for this, our free *Tenarian* Port,
Receiv'd thee and thy traine, in friendly ſort?
And when great *Neptune* nothing could appeaſe,
Gave thee ſafe harbour from the ſtormy Seas?
Was it for this, our Kingdomes armes ſpread wide,
To entertaine thee from the waters ſide?
Yet thou of forraigne ſoyle remote from hence,
A ſtranger, comming we ſcarce knew from whence.
Is perjur'd wrong the recompence of right?
Is all our friendſhip guerdond with deſpight?
I doubt me then, whether in our Court doth tarry,
A friendly gueſt, or a fierce adverſary.
Nor blame me, for if juſtly you conſider,
And theſe preſumptions well compare together,
So ſimple my complaint will not appeare,
But you your ſelfe muſt needs excuſe my feare.
Well, hold me ſimple, much it matters not,
Whilſt I preſerve my chaſte name farre from ſpot,
For when I ſeeme touch'd with a baſhfull ſhame,
It ſhowes how highly I regard my Fame.
For when I ſeeme ſad, my conntenance is not fained,
And when I lower, my looke is unconſtrained.

But ſay my brow be cloudy, my name's cl
And reverently you ſhall of *Hellen* here.
No man from me adulterate ſpoiles can w
For to this houre I have ſported without ſi
Which makes me in my heart the more to
What hope you have in time to bring me
Or from mine eye what comfort thou canſ
To pitty thee, and not deſpiſe thee rather.
Becauſe once *Theſeus* hurried me from he
And did to me a kinde of violence,
Followes it therefore, I am of ſuch price,
That raviſh'd once, I ſhould be raviſh'd twi
Was it my fault, becauſe I ſtriv'd in vaine,
And wanted ſtrength his fury to reſtraine
He flattered and ſpake faire, I ſtrugled ſtill
And what he got was much againſt my w
Of all his toile, he reap'd no wiſhed fruit,
For with my wrangling I withſtood his ſu
At length, I was reſtor'd, untoucht and cle
In all my Rape, I ſuffered naught (ſave fear
A few untoward kiſſes, he (God wot)
Of further favours, he could never boaſt:
Drie, without reliſh, by much ſtriving got
And them with much adoe, and to his coſ
I doubt your purpoſe aymes at greater bliſſ
And hardly would alone be pleas'd with ki
Thou haſt ſome further ayme, and ſeek'ſt
What (*Iove* defend) I ſhould conſent unto.
He beare not thy bad minde, but did reſt
Vnblemiſh'd, to the place from whence h
The youth was baſhfull, and thy boldneſſ
And tis well knowne, repented his bold fa

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